

## POLICE UPHOLD AND CONDEMNED.

Syracuse Agitated Over the  
Ryan-McCoy Pugilistic Fiasco.

PUGILISM'S DEATH BLOW.

Inspector O'Brien Thought Ryan  
Might Deal McCoy a  
Fatal Blow.

AN ACCUSATION OF JOBBERY.

An Attempt to Match the Men Again  
Failed Because McCoy Would  
Make No Concession  
in Weight.

Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 9.—A more disgusted lot of sports than those to be seen about the streets of Syracuse to-day could not be found in any section of the United States after the Ryan-McCoy fight of last night. They could not utter statements too strong condemning the local police authorities, especially Inspector O'Brien. The result of the police interference is generally conceded to be a death blow to pugilism in Syracuse, at least so far as pugilists of prominence are concerned.

There is every style of rumor ready at hand for those who seek for a reason for the abrupt termination of the fight. The McCoy men say that it was stopped in Ryan's interest and that a deal was put up to have the police interfere when Ryan was having the best of it in the hopes of Siler giving Ryan a decision.

Some of the Ryan men claim that the fight was stopped by certain city officials whom they say had money bet on the "kid." Still others say that some of the club members were in league with Ryan to secure a draw and that Ryan's share of the money was to be divided.

Concerning the charge that he was implicated in a deal to have the police interfere, Ryan waxed indignant. "The statement is a lie," he said. "I had nothing whatever to do with any such scheme, and I was the most surprised man in the crowd when Inspector O'Brien interfered. It would have been absurd for me to have had the fight stopped when I was having the best of it, even if I could, and every one will acknowledge that I did have the best of it then."

"The first and part of the second rounds were undoubtedly McCoy's, but after that I had all the best of it and I had my man worried to death. He is a dangerous man, because it's hard to get inside his guard, but once inside—he didn't like punishment—I would have made him so sick of it that he would have been willing to talk."

The Inspector's Statement.

Ryan thinks that Inspector O'Brien interfered because there was too much noise at the ring-side. As for the Inspector himself, this afternoon he gave the following statement to a Journal representative: "Chief of Police Wright, in the presence of the Board of Police Commissioners, instructed me that he would detail twenty men to report to me at the ring-side. I was not told either to stop the fight or to let it go on, except that if it degenerated into a prizefight and knock-out blows were being given I was to stop it. As had been done in New York and other cities, in the fourth and fifth rounds knock-out blows were delivered, and both men were trying to land them. Each man was putting his hands and feet. I was just under McCoy at the ring-side when Ryan struck the kidney blow, which you everyone noticed. Ryan's elbow came down on Ryan's back three times, and he became deathly pale, although, of course, he has little color anyway."

"I thoroughly frightened me, and the thought flashed through my mind, 'McCoy is not a strong man, what if Ryan kills him?' When would I have had the estimation? Of course the sporting men who had money up on the result thought only of the knock-out which they wished to see. I stopped it because I saw that the minute it looked like a knock-out or a knock-out blow it was a prizefight and a violation of the law."

"I used my own judgment in deciding that point. No one instructed me at the time. Mayor McGuire had nothing whatever to do with it, and I never spoke to me on the subject. I thought all along of a possible fatal ending, which, of course, is a possibility that happens for anything in the world. Of course, if I had positive instructions that was not to interfere, but was present simply to see that order was kept, I would have felt relieved of any responsibility in the matter, and the people might have seen when they evidently wanted to see a knock-out."

Jacob C. Knauber, speaking for the Empire Athletic Club, said to-day: "The action of Inspector O'Brien in stopping the fight was totally unequalled. There was nothing in the contest that was not in strict accordance with the Horton law, and not a sign of brutality had been seen. The stopping of the fight was a complete surprise to the club members. We had received assurances from the very highest officers in the Police Department this afternoon that there should be no interference. The result proves that the interference was misplaced. The stopping of the fight is a disastrous blow to the club. We had intended bidding for the freedom of the fight, and we would not have put an end to that, and probably to the club."

No Concession by McCoy.

At an early hour this morning "Gus" Tutbill and a prominent politician met in the Alderman Cafe, and after an argument regarding the outcome of the Ryan-McCoy fight, each deposited \$500 as a preliminary forfeit of \$2,000 to bind a match between the two men. Ryan's backer's name is withheld at his own request, because his name was taken by George Cochrane, Ryan's manager. Aside from the putting up of the \$500, little else was done. It was agreed, however, that the articles should call for the acceptance of an offer from the club willing to put up the largest purse. Ryan was jubilant over the prospects of another match, and says that he is only too anxious to get into the ring with McCoy again.

"Kid" McCoy did not rise until 11:30 o'clock this morning. When he came to Vanderbilt House by a Journal representative concerning the money posted by Gus Tutbill of New York, for another go with Ryan, he said: "The terms are perfectly agreeable to me, and I will fight Ryan at any time or place, or for any amount he desires. I will acknowledge that Ryan was doing the most fighting when the police interfered, but I allowed him to do this, as I intended to finish him in the next round and surely would have done so if not for the interference."

George Cochrane, Ryan's backer, and McCoy met late this afternoon. Cochrane said: "This last match I concede all to you. Now I demand you to demand concessions to me, or Ryan will not fight. You weighed 153 pounds last night, and must weigh 150 pounds at the ring side. You can get down to this weight and must." McCoy declined to agree to any such terms, and negotiations were broken off. McCoy left for New York at 4 p. m. on the Empire State Express.

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THEY SAY IT WAS A "JOB."

New Yorkers Who Saw the McCoy-Ryan Fight Denounce the Police Officials of Syracuse.

The New York delegation who witnessed the fight between McCoy and Ryan at Syracuse, Wednesday night, and who backed McCoy to win, arrived in town last night. All were vociferous in their denunciation of the police officials of Syracuse, and all were certain it was a put up job to stop the fight.

"The fact that the police officials pre-

## YOUNG AMERICA SETS A RECORD IN EMULATING MEN.



Jack Mulvaney, Aged Five, Youngest Switchman in the World.

## GAY MESSENGER THIEF.

Parties and "Society Life" Led Young Joe Moucher to Take Nearly Three Hundred Dollars Dishonestly.

It was a social ambition that got young Joseph Moucher, a sixteen-year-old messenger boy, into trouble. He had been sent to carry messages to the various exclusive clubs in the city and had been invited to several parties given by the young folk who live near his home in Brooklyn. All these things mystified this little messenger boy. He wanted to wear clothes like the club members, and he was anxious to give a party to which he could invite the friends who had been so kind to him.

Some days ago Joe was sent to Coney Island to deliver a message to some young men who were giving their money away to the barkeepers and subterfuges, and this only added to his desire to get money with which he, too, could splurge.

Last week it was noticed that Joe seemed to be better dressed than usual. His trousers were creased and his linen seemed fresher than the linen worn by the other boys in the American District Telegraph office. Joe was one of the most trustworthy of all the lads employed. Large sums had been trusted to him on numerous occasions before he began to crease his trousers and show a desire to appear fashionably dressed. When any of the banks wanted a good boy to collect large sums Joe was sent to make the collections.

It was nearly noon on Tuesday when the manager of the telegraph messengers in the office at No. 129 Broadway called young Moucher and sent him around to the Bank of Commerce.

"Be careful, Joe," he said. "There is a whole lot of money to be collected, and you mustn't lose any of it." Collections for over \$2,000 were given to Joe by the bank cashier and then the boy hurried off. From place to place he went, making the collections. Most of the bills were paid in checks, but \$200 was given to him in cash.

The last seen of Joe he was standing on the corner across the street from the bank. This was something unusual, for he had always seemed in a hurry before. Subsequent developments seem to show that Joe was struggling with temptation. With \$200 cash and nearly \$2,000 more in checks in his pocket he could have an awfully good time. The boy no doubt thought of all this without counting the cost. At all events he did not turn over the money, nor have his family or any of his friends seen him since.

As soon as the theft was reported to the telegraph company detectives were put on the case. Detective Docherty tracked the boy to an elevated car bound for Coney Island, but there all trace of him was lost. It is believed he went directly to Coney Island, and after spending a part of his stealings left for some other place where he could play at "society." Payment on the checks was stopped. The \$200, however, is gone. This the telegraph company will make good.

It was thought that Joe would go on a trolley party to which he was invited Wednesday night, but he failed to appear. Two detectives were on the car to arrest him.

Joe's mother, who lives at No. 256 Reid avenue, Brooklyn, says that she cannot account for her boy's disappearance. She also says she will teach her other boys to despise society and club life.

dicted early in the afternoon that Ryan would win the fight, and that Jimmy Carroll, "I regard with suspicion. You see, Ryan is a Syracuse boy, and I don't think his own people would want to see him lose. I was behind McCoy when he fought Ryan last, in Massport, and I know he was in 50 per cent better condition last night than he was then."

"McCoy had the better of the fight even when the police interfered. Ryan only landed a few blows on McCoy, and these were too feeble to do any harm. You can see that yourself. McCoy looks as fresh as a daisy now. He hasn't even got a scratch on him. His face is as smooth as a woman's. And how did Ryan quit the fight? Why, both his eyes were blackened. He had a deep cut over one eye and his lips were as big as onions. McCoy's blows were effective. McCoy would surely have won, and very easily, at that. If only the police hadn't worried so much for Ryan."

Kid McCoy, who fought a draw with Tommy Ryan at Syracuse on Wednesday night, and George Siler, who refereed the bout, arrived in town late last night.

Youngest Switchman Employed on Any Railroad in the World.

HE IS FIVE YEARS OLD.

Attends to All His Duties Faithfully and Carries All His Wages Home.

In the last two weeks passengers on the Jersey City trolley lines have often noticed a very small boy turning the switch at the corner of Clinton and Second streets. Naturally it was supposed that the little fellow was amusing himself by taking the place of the regular switchman.

The fact is, however, that this little five-year-old boy, Jack Mulvaney, tends the switch himself from early morning until late at night. It is really a responsible position, but this tiny boy performs the duties of the place better than the grown-up boys who have heretofore tormented the motormen by their carelessness. Jack is certainly the youngest switchman in the country.

Little Jack has been pondering some scheme of making money all summer so he could help out the family treasury. His favorite play ground was near his grandmother's house on Clinton and Second streets. About two weeks ago the big boy who had been turning the switches was sent away because the motormen could not depend on him.

"Say, mister, won't yer let me try it?" piped little Jack to the man who was looking for a new boy. The motorman looked around in amazement and tried to locate the shrill little voice. Finally he discovered a very tiny ragged urchin at his feet. The motorman laughed and long at the presumption of the little elf. "Better go home, sonny, and let your people take care of you. You're too small to be hanging around trolley cars. You'll get run over."

"Oh, please, mister, I can do it. I've tried," pleaded the little fellow. "Mamma washes all day and works so hard. I want some money for her, so she can get nice things to eat for sister Rosie and her." There was such an eager look in his eyes that the man's heart was touched. He tried to bribe Jack with pennies to go home, but the child insisted with all his might that he wanted the job to turn the switches.

The street railway company do not employ the switchman. The motormen keep him for their accommodation and pay him a penny apiece, because he saves them the trouble of jumping on and off the cars at that point.

To satisfy the child, he was allowed to take the switching iron. It weighs four pounds, and is almost as tall as Jack himself. The little fellow started in that day, and every day for the past two weeks has been at his post early and late. He never misses a car, and is a thorough expert in dodging cars and heavy trucks. The motormen have recovered from their amazement at the child, and regard him as a mascot.

When waiting for the cars Jack sits on the ground in the shadow of a big board fence. He was found there yesterday, and he was quite willing to talk. He is very precocious, and talks as sensibly as many children eight or ten years old. The conversation was necessarily rather fragmentary, because about every three minutes

## HOT ON FATHER'S TRAIL.

This Lad Is Determined That the Husband of His Mother Shall Do His Duty by the Family.



Joseph Mayer, Messenger Boy, Who Stole \$300.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR WILL SUE.

Holds the Mary Powell's Owners Responsible for Sinking His Launch.

The following advertisement asking witnesses of the accident to the launch Corey appeared in a morning paper:

Will the passengers on steamer Mary Powell who witnessed the sinking of electric launch Corey yesterday kindly communicate with No. 25 West 28th st.

John Jacob Astor blames the captain of the Mary Powell for the sinking of his electric launch in the North River Wednesday, and will probably sue the company for damages.

It was after the Corey, which is one of the launches belonging to the yacht Nourmahal, had left Mr. Astor at the foot of West Thirty-fifth street on Wednesday that she was struck amidships by the Mary Powell and sunk.

Joseph Mayer, the intelligent boy who went from New York to St. Louis in search of his father, has not written to his mother. Last night, in her destitute apartment, she trembled with anxiety. Had her husband caused the boy's arrest? Was the boy ill or desolate, penniless and without a friend? He started with money enough for his fare and a day of very frugal meals.

At the station, when the guards had given the last signal, "Wait a minute!" the boy had exclaimed, and instinctively Mrs. Mayer had tried to retain him, fearful then that his grief at leaving her might make him weak in his mission. But he had kissed her and gone. Now she regretted it.

She placed in pairs on the table in front of her pictures of herself and of her husband. In the first he was old, she young; in the second he was less old, she less young; and gradually in the series their respective ages varied. Two years ago her hair was white and her face had the lines of care which they have to-day. Ignatz Mayer, on the contrary, seemed from the pictures younger than when he was married.

Day by day her son Joseph, his elder sister Annie and their younger brother and two sisters saw this exhibition of pictures, which Mrs. Mayer gave to them as a history of her suffering. Joseph, a year ago, promised to regain his father's solace for his family, in a pecuniary way, at least. His family has not eaten meat for a year, because meat costs too much.

Joseph was brought up in the idea that he would stand for his mother against her husband's neglect of her. The boy was struck by him in the chest at the age of nine years, and "since then," his mother says, "he is feeble in health and may not work or play as do boys of his age."

"Joseph will sue his father some day for damages," Mrs. Mayer continued, "and his father may not say that excessive physical exercise has harmed the boy. Dr. Ignatz Mayer will have no defence."

The boy was taught how to read and write at home. He went to school only intermittently. In Mrs. Mayer's voyages from St. Louis to Oklahoma, and from Oklahoma to New York, the boy strained his attention to become a detective, with no other aim than to discover his father's dwelling and lead him to a magistrate. Joseph knows that his mother is the daughter of a merchant of Dantzig, Germany, who was once wealthy; that her surroundings in childhood were refined; that she is sensitive. He knows that his father, a peddler of Hungary, owed his education as a physician to a wife and to her sister, who worked and placed in a special box all their earnings for him. Joseph has been taught that his father has money which comes to him of a lucrative practice in travels through many cities of the West.

Dr. Mayer obtained a decree in Oklahoma, but Mrs. Mayer does not recognize it. She repudiates it and offers to prove that it was not fairly gained. Joseph is acquainted with all the details of the case. He has gone to St. Louis well informed. He is bright enough not to fall through ignorance or neglect. But Mrs. Mayer was in anguish last night lest he failed through mischance and suffered.

Sometimes she cries nights and sister Rosie—that's the baby—she's sick, and mamma ain't got no money for medicine or good things to eat."

"What do you do with your money?" "The little face clouded over for a moment and then brightened."

"I meant to give mamma every cent," he said frankly, "but one day some other boys got them. Jack evidently thought he had done his mother a great wrong by wasting his pennies on gum and candy, and was determined not to let it happen again."

The Mulvaney family live on Jackson street, in Jersey City. The father is living, but the neighbors say he is apt to waste his wages and does not often work. The mother goes out washing and scrubbing to support the seven children.

## JOHN R. SIMMONS MARRIED A WIDOW.

And After Eleven Months Feels Obligated to Sue for Divorce.

SO BEAUTIFUL, SO YOUNG.

Complainant Says She Scratched His Face, and Thought Too Much of Bookmakers.

This story tells, briefly, of what is so often called marital infelicity. It is necessarily brief, for in it pass but eleven months.

Mrs. May Morgan was a widow. She is young and beautiful. Other women say she is beautiful, so she is beautiful. She was Florence Clark.

John R. Simmons is twenty-four years old. His family is well known in Maine. He is a good looking, good-natured chap. He is in the real estate business at No. 140 Nassau street. He has not lived in New York very long.

Simmons met Mrs. Morgan when she lived at the St. Cloud Hotel. Young Mr. Simmons fell in love with Mrs. Morgan, the beautiful. That was entirely natural. He was twenty-four and from Maine.

"Ah," she sighs, "how happy would we be if we were married!"

This in October last. "Marry me," cried young Mr. Simmons, looking into the widow's eyes. "I will," whispered the widow, "I will—in Jersey."

"Anywhere?" exclaimed young Mr. Simmons. The widow explained that she wished her late husband's relatives might know nothing of her second marriage.

"Anywhere?" exclaimed young Mr. Simmons. And he proved his devotion by marrying her in Jersey. The Rev. J. J. Little made them one in Jersey City.

Happiness unalloyed. Jealousy, torturing. A suit for divorce, begun by young Mr. Simmons, in which the summons and complaint were served on Mrs. Simmons at the Gilsey House last Wednesday evening.

Allegations, at the mere mention of which Cupid breaks half his arrows and flies out at the window. It is charged that the beautiful Mrs. Simmons, once Mrs. Mary Morgan, once Florence Clark, has been in love with Leo Meyer, a bookmaker. But that is not accurate; it is charged that her mind has been occupied with thoughts of Leo Meyer, and with thoughts of other bookmakers, those dangerous individuals who win everything. It is charged that she created scenes at her husband's office, scratched his face; tried to have him arrested, pleaded for forgiveness.

That—but the beautiful Mrs. Simmons absolutely positively, tearfully, declares every allegation in this suit for divorce. No one disbelieves a beautiful woman, except, sometimes, a judge, a jury or a referee.

WILL CARRY THE VETERAN.

Col. Little's Comrades to Escort Him to the New York Volunteer Reunion at Huntington.

The One Hundred and Twenty-seventh New York Volunteers will hold their annual reunion at Huntington, L. I., to-day. There will be one pathetic figure in the thinning ranks of these veterans, Colonel E. D. Little, who lives at No. 2012 Lexington avenue, volunteered in the army in 1861 and served throughout the war. As the result of a wound he received, Colonel Little has been paralyzed for years. The strongest of his fellows will march to his house to-day, carry him to a carriage and act as his escort and bearers to Huntington and back again.

Colonel Little's wife is custodian of the Governor's room in the City Hall, New York.

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WEAKENED MANKIND MAY NOW GRASP A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY.

A resident of Kalamazoo, Mich., desires to send free to mankind a prescription which will cure them of any form of debility; relieves them of all the doubt which such uncertainty which such men are peculiarly liable to and restores the organs to natural size and vigor. As it costs nothing to try the e. k. p. u. t. it would seem that any man suffering from any form of nervous debility ought to be deeply interested in a remedy which will restore them to health, strength and vigor, without which they continue to live an existence of untold misery. As the remedy is a question of the result of many years' research as to what combination would be most effective in restoring to men the strength they need, it would seem that all men ought to try for such a remedy at once. A request stating you are not writing out of curiosity, but wish to give the remedy a trial to Dr. H. C. Oiler, Box 1307 Kalamazoo, Mich., will be answered promptly and without evidence as to where the information came from. Write to-day.

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having Drains, Night Losses, Impotency, Varicocele, etc., should use nature's own remedy.

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